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AND

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CODE



AUTHORITY

# G.I. COMBAT

A QUALITY  
COMIC  
"FOR ALL"

JULY

No. 26

10c

**RED GUERRILLA  
TRAP**

**Undersea  
Assault**

**AIRBORNE  
INVASION**







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*Stamp Collector's Guide*

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G.I. COMBAT

# FIERY AIRBORNE INVASION

OUT OF THE SKY PLUMMETED THE ENEMY INVASION FORCE TO SNAP THE VITAL LIFELINE OF THE U.S. FLEET! SUCCESS SEEMED INEVITABLE AS THEY SWARMED IN TO ATTACK A HANDFUL OF LEATHERNECKS FOR THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE HAD ALL BUT CRIPPLED THE LONE COMPANY OF MARINES! BUT THE ENEMY HAD OVERLOOKED U.S. MARINE INGENUITY AND KNOW-HOW...AND THIS WAS TO PLAY A DECIDED ROLE IN THE BATTLE OF CORAL ISLAND!

THAT'S BLASTING THE ENEMY OFF BALANCE, MEN! FALL BACK TO OUR SECONDARY DEFENSE POSITIONS! WE'VE GOT A FEW SURPRISES WAITING FOR THEM THERE!

KA-BLAMM!





CORAL ISLAND...  
U.S. NAVAL DEPOT  
IN THE PACIFIC!  
A SKELETON FORCE  
OF MARINES STAND  
GUARD AS THE MILITARY  
PARTICIPATE  
IN MANEUVERS!

WHAT A ROTTEN  
BREAK, HEGAN!  
WHY'D THE BIG  
BRAGGS HAVE  
TO PICK OUR  
COMPANY FOR  
THIS GUARD  
DETAIL?

GRIN AND BEAR IT,  
EDDIE! WE'RE STUCK  
HERE ON "THE ROCK",  
AND THAT'S THAT! THREE  
WEEKS OF NOTHING BUT  
SWEET BOREDOM!



YEAH...AND I DON'T  
MIND SAYIN' THIS PLACE  
IS BEGINNING TO GIVE  
ME THE CREEPS! NEVER  
HEARD IT SO QUIET  
BEFORE!

IT'S KINDA LIKE A  
GHOST TOWN WITH  
ALL THE JOES  
AWAY! A GUY CAN  
ALMOST HEAR  
HIMSELF THINKING!



THAT AFTERNOON A SOFT  
WHISTLING SOUND IS HEARD  
IN THE DISTANCE!



AS THE MINUTES PASS  
THE NOISE BECOMES  
LOUDER AND LOUDER...



...TO SHAKE THE FORTIFICATION  
WITH A MIGHTY BLAST OF FIRE  
POWER!



THEY'VE JUMPED OUR  
JETS ON THE RUNWAY...  
WE'RE GROUNDED!

MAYBE WE CAN BLAST 'EM  
OUT OF THE SKY WITH THESE  
TANK TURRET GUNS!

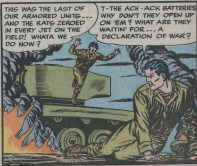
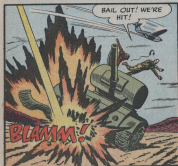
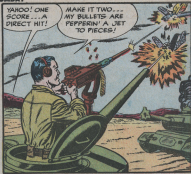


OH-OH...SCRATCH  
ONE TANK! SHE  
JUST GOT A HOT-  
FOOT FROM A  
CANNON SHELL!

BUDDY UP WITH  
ME IN THAT  
ONE!









WE'RE SITTING ON TONS OF NAVAL AMMO AND EQUIPMENT...WE'LL JUST HAVE TO ADAPT THEM FOR FIELD BATTLE! DISTRIBUTE MANUALS ON THE NOMENCLATURE OF THESE WEAPONS TO THE MEN!

I'LL SET UP THE THIRD PLATOON TO DISTRIBUTE MUNITIONS AT ONCE!

I'VE SENT AN S.O.S. TO OUR TASK FORCE...IT'S RETURNING HERE UNDER FULL SPEED! BUT WE CAN'T EXPECT ANY HELP FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS! IT'S UP TO US TO HOLD UNTIL THEN!

AS THE DRONE OF BOMBY TRANSPORT PLANES FILLS THE AIR, U.S. MARINES WORK FEVERISHLY SETTING UP THE NAVAL WEAPONS!

THAT'S IT, MEN! FIT SECTIONS #3 AND #5 TOGETHER! SNAP IT UP... WE'RE GONNA HAVE COMPANY IN A FEW MINUTES!

GEE, YOU'RE GONNA KNOW SOON, CLANCY... I HOPE! I WONDER WHAT IT'S LIKE FIRIN' ONE OF THESE THINGS?

A MOMENT LATER THE SKY IS BLANKETED WITH COMRADE CRUTES!

WHAT'S THE MATTER... YOU GONE BLIND, CLANCY?

AW, GIVE ME A BREAK, SARGE! I WON MY GUNNERY MEDAL FOR FIELD ARTILLERY...NOT ONE OF THESE CONTRACTIONS!

A HIT... HOW'S THAT FOR A BULLS-EYE?

THERE'S ONE RED TRANSPORT THAT WON'T RETURN! I GUESS THEY ARE COMRADES, SIR! THEY HAVE NO IDENTIFICATION INSIGNIAS!

WHO ELSE? WE'VE GOT TO TAKE IMMEDIATE ACTION! THE BEACH WILL BE LITTERED WITH REDS AFTER THE DROP!

THIS IS PROBABLY GOING TO BE THE TOUGHEST BATTLE THE MARINE CORPS HAS EVER HAD, MEN! NOT ONLY ARE WE UP AGAINST STAGGERING ODDS...WE'RE HANDICAPPED WITH UNFAMILIAR WEAPONS!

BUT WE'RE MARINES! WE'VE TACKLED THE IMPOSSIBLE BEFORE!

OUR ONLY CHANCE TO STOP THESE REDS IS TO ADAPT THESE WEAPONS FOR LAND ACTION! ARE YOU UP TO IT?

YOU BET, COLONEL... LET'S GET 'EM!

MUMPH! THE COLONEL MUST THINK WE'RE THE ARMY! WE MARINES CAN DO ANYTHING!



# G.I. COMBAT

FINGERTIP BEACH... FURY DROPS FROM THE SKY AS THE MARINES SPEED TO STAVE OFF THE ATTACK!

THEY'VE MADE THEIR DROP... SWING THIS TRUCK AROUND AND LET'S SEE IF WE CAN MAKE MORTAR FIRE OUT OF DEPTH CHARGES!

RIGHT, SIR!

NAVY MANUAL SAYS DEPTH CHARGES ARE TIMED BY THE SECOND TO EXPLODE AT CERTAIN DEPTHS! TO MAKE "MORTAR SHELLS" OUT OF THESE CHARGES WE'LL NEED ABOUT A TWENTY SECOND DETONATION DELAY!

CHECK, COLONEL! ADJUSTING TIMING DEVICES FOR TWENTY SECOND EXPLOSION!

HERE GOES! MORTAR AWAY!

THE UNDERWATER CHARGE EXPLODES ON THE SURFACE! AND A HOLE OF NAVOC IS BLASTED IN THE ENEMY RANKS!

YAHOO! IT WORKS!

LOAD ANOTHER! KEEP FIRING! THEY'VE GOT MOST OF THEIR ASSAULT EQUIPMENT ASSEMBLED!

WE'VE BANGED A COUPLE OF HOLES IN THEM, SIR... BUT IT'S NOT STOPPING THEIR ASSAULT!

NO! WE'VE NO SMALL ARMS FIRE TO BACK US UP! GOT TO HIT AND RUN... TRY TO WEAR DOWN THEIR POWER WITH SNEAK PUNCHES!

HEAD BACK FOR THE CREEK! GET MOVING BEFORE THEY OVERRUN US!

SERGEANT! BLOW THAT BRIDGE WHEN WE CROSS IT! HAVE THE TRUCK CARRYING THOSE NAVY TORPEDOES DEPLOY LEFT AFTER WE CROSS THE BRIDGE! MAYBE WE CAN HAND THEM A RABBIT PUNCH HERE!

YES, SIR!

THE DESPERATE MARINES SWING LEFT AFTER CROSSING THE CREEK BRIDGE AND...

THE BRIDGE IS BLOWN, COLONEL! THAT MOB WILL HAVE TO FORD THE CREEK NOW... IT WILL SLOW THEM UP A LITTLE BIT!

I THINK WE CAN DO BETTER THAN THAT, SERGEANT! GET THOSE TORPEDOES UNLOADED! FLOAT THEM IN THE CREEK... ON THE DOUBLE!



THESE TORPEDOES HAVE TO HAVE THEIR RUDDERS ADJUSTED SO THEY'LL CRUISE JUST UNDER THE SURFACE... WE HAVEN'T MUCH WATER DEPTH TO WORK WITH!

HERE IT IS... UNDER TORPEDO... PAGE 121...



SCANT MINUTES AFTERWARD THE RED HORDE REACHES THE CREEK!

STUPID FOOLS TO THINK A SHALLOW CREEK LIKE THIS COULD SLOW US DOWN! FORD THE STREAM!



BUT AS THE CONFIDENT ENEMY SURGES ACROSS...

WHAT IS THAT? SOMETHING COMING THROUGH THE WATER TOWARD US...

EH? YIIIIII! TORPEDOES!



YAAAA! CRAZY AMERICAN MARINES SENDING NAVY TORPEDOES DOWN CREEK!

ATTACK UP THE CREEK! STOP THEM! STOP THEM!



WE TOOK A BITE OUT OF THE RED TIGER'S HIDE THAT TIME...

COLONEL! TROUBLE HEADING THIS WAY!



HIT THE WATER!

GOT TO STOP THIS LOAD OF LEAD... WITH ME, SOLDIER?

RIGHT BEHIND YOU, SARGE! LET'S GO!







ONCE AGAIN THE MARINES PULL BACK! FLOWING THROUGH A CURTAIN OF ENEMY LEAD THEY REACH THE AMMO DEPOT!

COLONEL! IF WE COULD GET THAT BABY OPERATING WE OUGHT TO FULVERIZE THEM! IT'S BEEN REPAIRED! MAYBE WE CAN FIRE HER!

THE NAVAL GUN! SURE, SERGEANT! WE COULD FIRE IT AND THE RECOIL WITHOUT A BATTLESHIP UNDER HER WOULD BLOW A HOLE THROUGH THE BUILDING --- PROBABLY KNOCK IT DOWN ON OUR HEADS!



WELD THAT AIRCRAFT CARRIER ROCKET LAUNCHER TO THE FLOOR! WE'LL TRY FIRING HER LIKE AN ARTILLERY PIECE!

YES, SIR! LET'S GO, GANG!



SOON A HOLOCAUST OF MARINE VENGEANCE STREAKS FROM THE AMMO DEPOT!

IT'S HOLDING THEM, SIR! THEY'RE SWINGING BACK!



And AS DUSK FALLS...

FUNNY THEY DON'T ATTACK! WE COULDN'T STAND OFF MUCH OF A FORCE WITH THIS ROCKET LAUNCHER!

THEY'RE HOLED UP BEHIND THAT ROCKY HILLSIDE... CONSERVING THEIR STRENGTH! THEY PROBABLY PLAN TO SWEEP DOWN ON US IN THE DARKNESS SO WE CAN'T SMACK THEIR VEHICLES WITH ROCKETS!



TWO HOURS LATER, AS DARKNESS SETTLES DOWN OVER THE ROCKS...

THIS IS IT! TRYING TO SOFTEN US UP FOR A HEAD-ON ATTACK IN THE DARKNESS! SERGEANT, DIG AROUND FOR SHIP'S FLARES... NAPALM BOMBS! IF WE KEEP THE AREA BRIGHT ENOUGH IT MIGHT HOLD THEM OFF!

FLARES AND NAPALM BOMBS ARE IN THE REAR, COLONEL!



THEY'RE KEEPING THEIR NECKS IN...THEY'RE NOT RISKING A CHARGE IN THAT LIGHT!

YES, SERGEANT, BUT THEY'RE PICKING US TO PIECES FROM THE SHELTER OF THAT ROCKY HILL! WHEN MORNING COMES...



DAWN...

ENEMY FIRE INCREASING. SIR...THERE'S ACTIVITY ON THE HILLSIDE!

THEY'RE GETTING READY TO LAUNCH THEIR PUSH...WE CAN'T HOLD THEM OFF...THEY'VE PRACTICALLY BLOWN THIS PLACE DOWN AROUND OUR EARS ALREADY! IF WE COULD ONLY SWEAR THEM THERE...ON THE HILLSIDE...



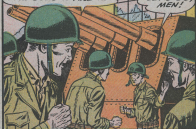
IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE... SERGEANT!

YES, SIR!



GET EVERY AVAILABLE MAN! BALLAST THAT MONSTER TO THE DEPOT FLOOR! STACK MACHINERY AND SANDBAGS AGAINST IT! USE EVERYTHING YOU CAN FIND TO DEADEN ITS RECOIL... WE'RE GOING TO FIRE IT!

LET'S GO, MEN!



SIR, I ASSISTED IN THE FIRE CONTROL STATION OF SOME NAVAL GUNS DURING AN EMERGENCY IN THE WAR...I...KNOW A LITTLE ABOUT THEM!

GOOD! CHECK THE NOMENCLATURE OF NAVAL GUNS AGAIN IN THE MANUAL...READ IT CAREFULLY AND DO YOUR DARNEDEST TO LOAD AND AIM THOSE GUNS RIGHT! GO TO IT, MARINE!



THEY'RE COMING OUT! HURRY! HURRY! ONCE THEY LEAVE THAT HILL AND SCATTER WE'RE GUNK! WE'VE GOT TO BLOW THAT HILL UP WITH THEM ON IT!

A-ALL READY, COLONEL! SHE'S LOADED AND BOLTED DOWN AS TIGHT AS WE CAN GET. HER!



R-READY FIRE...AND HIT THE FLOOR!





A FEARSOME BLAST TEARS AND SHAKES THE VERY FOUNDATION OF THE AMMO DEPOT!



AND SPLIT SECONDS LATER, TONS OF HOT STEEL STREAK INTO THE RED HILLSIDE!



A HIT, SIR... AND WE'RE STILL IN ONE PIECE!

ON THE DOUBLE FOR MOP UP ACTION! THE ODDS SHOULD BE EVEN NOW! IF THERE ARE ANY REDS LEFT ON THAT HILL LET'S GET THEM BEFORE THEY CAN REGROUP!



THE MARINES SWEEP DOWN UPON THE STARTLED REMNANTS OF THE RED FORCE!

YOU BABIES KNOCKED OUT THE MARINE FIRE POWER ALL RIGHT... BUT WE SURE THREW A NAVY FIST RIGHT IN YOUR FACES!



WHEN THE LAST SURVIVING ENEMY HAS BEEN TAKEN PRISONER...

THE FLEET, COLONEL... SHE'S SURE COMING HOME UNDER FULL STEAM!

YES, SERGEANT... AND THANK HEAVENS WE'VE STILL GOT A HOME FOR HER TO COME TO!



LATER, WHEN THE FLEET FLAGSHIP DOCKS!

YOU DID A REMARKABLE JOB, COLONEL! A REMARKABLE JOB! THE GOVNET RADIO HAS JUST CONTACTED US! THEY SAY THE RAIDERS WERE UNAUTHORIZED VOLUNTEERS WHO WENT AGAINST ORDERS AND THAT THEY WILL BE SEVERELY PUNISHED!

YES, ADMIRAL, THE SURVIVORS WILL BE PUNISHED ALL RIGHT... BUT NOT FOR GOING AGAINST ORDERS!

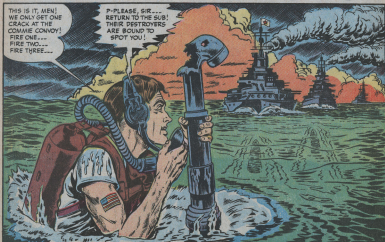


...THEY'LL BE PUNISHED BECAUSE MY MEN PINNED THEIR EARS BACK... AND THEY FAILED!



G.I. COMBAT

# UNDERSEAS ASSAULT



THIS IS IT, MEN!  
WE ONLY GET ONE  
CRACK AT THE  
COMMIE CONVOY!  
FIRE ONE...  
FIRE TWO...  
FIRE THREE...

P-PLEASE, SIR...  
RETURN TO THE SUB!  
THEIR DESTROYERS  
ARE BOUND TO  
SPOT YOU!

**D**URING COMMUNIST RAIDERS HAD STRUCK AT NATIONALIST CHINA'S STRONGHOLDS DESTROYING THE FORTIFICATIONS AND ESCAPING WITH VITAL WEAPONS FOR WAR! AND AS THE PHANTOM CONVOY ZIGZAGGED ITS WAY BACK TO SAFETY, ONE LONE AMERICAN SUBMARINE STOOD IN ITS PATH! IT WAS THEN THAT THE COMMANDER OF THE STARFISH GAMBLLED HIS LIFE TO STOP THE INCREDIBLE RED RAIDERS!

**P**HANTOM SOLDIERS WHEEL AN ARTILLERY PIECE FROM CONCEALMENT BEFORE A NATIONALIST CHINESE FORTRESS IN SOUTHERN FORMOSA!



吳光南里

**T**HERE IS A LONE, THUNDERING SALVO AND A SCREAMING SHELL HURTLES INTO THE FORT SEVERING COMMUNICATIONS...





...PAVING THE WAY TO A FANATICAL RED SNEAK ATTACK!

DOWN WITH THE  
NATIONALIST DOGS!

YI! YI! YI!



BURN THE FORTRESS TO THE GROUND! SEIZE THE  
NATIONALIST ARTILLERY AND WITHDRAW! LEAVE  
NO ONE HERE TO WAG  
THEIR TONGUES!



TWELVE HOURS LATER OFFICERS OF AN APPROACHING U.S.  
NAVAL TRANSPORT ARE STUNNED AS THEY OBSERVE THE  
FORMOSA COAST!

THE FORT IS IN SHOULDERING  
RUINS, CAPTAIN! WOULD THOSE  
COMMIE RAIDERS BE BOLD  
ENOUGH TO ATTACK FORMOSA?

THEY'RE A DARING BUNCH OF  
CUTTHROATS, LIEUTENANT!...  
THEY'D TRY ANYTHING!... ORDER  
FULL SPEED AHEAD! I WANT  
TO DOCK AS QUICKLY AS  
POSSIBLE!



SOON DEATH AND DESTRUCTION GREET THE INVESTIGATING  
NAVAL OFFICERS AT THE ONCE POWERFUL FORTRESS!

IT MUST HAVE BEEN A  
SUDDEN ATTACK! THE POOR NATIONAL-  
ISTS DIDN'T HAVE  
TIME TO GIVE MUCH  
OF A BATTLE!

THE RED RAIDERS FOLLOWED  
THE SAME RUTHLESS PATTERN  
THAT THEY HAVE IN THE PAST;  
COMPLETE ANNIHILATION OF THE  
TROOPS... TOTAL DESTRUCTION  
AND THEFT OF WAR EQUIPMENT!



WELL, AT  
LEAST THEY  
DIDN'T GET  
THEIR  
GREASY  
WITS ON  
THE CARGO  
WE BROUGHT  
HERE, SIR!

NO... BUT THEY HAVE  
DESTROYED AN  
IMPORTANT DEFENSE  
POSITION! IT WILL  
TAKE MONTHS TO  
REBUILD THIS PLACE!  
I'D BETTER SEND  
AN IMMEDIATE  
REPORT TO HQ!



WHEN THE STARTLING NEWS REACHES  
U.S. NAVAL HEADQUARTERS IN THE  
FORMOSA CAPITOL AN EMERGENCY  
MEETING IS QUICKLY CALLED!

THIS ATTACK ON THE FORTRESS CON-  
VINCES ME THESE COMMUNIST RAIDERS  
ARE OUT TO SYSTEMATICALLY CRUSH  
THE NATIONALIST DEFENSES! IT'S THE  
OLD HIT-AND-RUN GAME... ON A LARGE  
SCALE!

I AGREE WITH YOU, SIR! THESE  
DEVILS HAVE SUNK FOUR U.S.  
TRANSPORTS LADEN WITH EQUIP-  
MENT DESTINED FOR CHIANG'S  
ARMY!



AND EACH TIME  
THEY ATTACKED  
ONE OF OUR  
FORTRESSES  
THEY SEIZED  
ALL AVAILABLE  
WAR WEAPONS  
AND DIS-  
APPEARED!  
HOW IS THIS  
POSSIBLE?

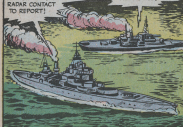
THERE'S ONLY ONE  
POSSIBLE EXPLANATION,  
COMMANDER YUNG!  
THE RAIDERS ARE  
TRAVELING IN A  
PHANTOM CONVOY  
AND STRIKING AT  
WILL! THIS CONVOY  
MUST BE FOUND AND  
DESTROYED!



U.S. AND NATIONALIST CHINESE SEA AND AIR POWER SWEEP THE SEAS IN A COORDINATED SEARCH FOR THE INFAMOUS CONVOY!

C-52 COMPLETING SWEEP OF AREAS ABLE, KING AND CHARLIE! NO RADAR CONTACT TO REPORT!

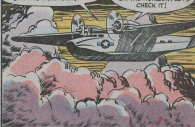
PROCEED DUE NORTH TO JOIN TASK FORCE SIX.... RENDEZVOUS AT 0900! THAT IS ALL!



AS THE TEDIOUS SEARCH CONTINUES THE ILLUSIVE CONVOY MANAGES TO ESCAPE DETECTION! FINALLY, ON THE SEVENTH DAY...

WE'D BETTER WRAP THIS SHOW UP, CHUCK! THERE'S JUST ENOUGH FUEL LEFT TO GET THIS BABY BACK TO FORMOSA!

OKAY, EDDIE!...HEY, WAIT A MINUTE! I JUST SPOTTED SOME SMOKE ON THE HORIZON! LET'S CHECK IT!



IT'S A CONVOY ALL RIGHT... BUT HOW DO WE KNOW IT'S THE ENEMY?

TAKE A LOOK AT THE DESTROYER ESCORTS... THEY'RE NOT OUR SHIPS! I'M REPORTING TO HQ!



FLIGHT NINE TO HQ... HAVE SIGHTED UNIDENTIFIED CONVOY BEARING DUE WEST AT POSITION YB... THREE TRANSPORTS... TWO DESTROYER ESCORTS!

ACK ACK! IT'S THE COMMIES ALL RIGHT! THEY'RE TRYING TO STOP US FROM GIVING THEIR POSITION!



UPON RECEIVING THE MESSAGE U.S. HEADQUARTERS QUICKLY CHECKS THE CONVOY'S POSITION AND COURSE!

THE COMMIE SHIPS ARE LOCATED AT THIS SPOT HERE, SIR... HEADING DUE WEST!

YES... DEAD TOWARD THE CHINESE PORT OF AMOY! IT'S MY HUNCH THEIR HOLES ARE LOADED WITH WAR BOOTY AND THEY'RE MAKING FOR A SAFE PORT! WHEN WILL THEY ARRIVE AT AMOY?



SOME TIME LATE TOMORROW AFTERNOON, SIR!

CONFOUND IT... WE HAVEN'T A THING IN THE AREA TO INTERCEPT THEM! I HATE TO LET THOSE RATS SLIP THROUGH OUR FINGERS...



BEG PARDON, SIR... BUT OUR SUBMARINE STARFISH SHOULD BE IN THAT VICINITY! I SENT HER ON A TEST RUN MYSELF...

WHAT! MAKE CONTACT WITH HER AT ONCE! TELL HER COMMANDING OFFICER THE DETAILS! HIS ORDERS ARE TO SINK THAT CONVOY!





**M**ILES TO THE WESTWARD THE STARFISH COMMANDER RECEIVES THE VITAL MESSAGE!

THE RAIDER CONVOY IS IN YOUR IMMEDIATE VICINITY PROCEEDING TOWARD SAFETY IN AMOY HARBOR; USE EVERY MEANS POSSIBLE TO PREVENT HER FROM REACHING THERE...

RADIO WE HAVE JUST FINISHED CHARGING BATTERIES ON SURFACE AND WILL SUBMERGE IMMEDIATELY TO SEEK ENEMY CONTACT!

YES, SIR!



PREPARE TO DIVE! WE WILL PROCEED TO SUBMERGE WITH UP 'SCOPE TO CONTACT ENEMY CONVOY! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM FROM REACHING THE SAFETY OF AMOY HARBOR!

YES, SIR!



**A**S THE SUN SINKS THE STARFISH CRUISES THE WATERS WITH UP 'SCOPE SEARCHING FOR THE DEADLY RAIDERS! FINALLY....

ENEMY CONVOY DEAD AHEAD... ONE MILE NORTH!

TAKE BATTLE STATIONS...



**B**UT UP ABOVE A COMMIE DESTROYER ESCORT CUTS THE WATER TOWARD THE STARFISH FROM THE SOUTH!

ACCURSED FO... IT HAS SLOWED OUR CRUISING SPEED DOWN!



**B**ELOW IN THE STARFISH THE SONAR SOUNDMAN GIVES THE ALARM...

TIN CAN APPROACHING DEAD ON SOUTH... RANGE ONE HUNDRED YARDS!

DOWN 'SCOPE! CRASH DIVE! THE DESTROYER'S RIGHT ON OUR NECKS! BLAZING THUNDER! HAVE THEY SPOTTED US?



**T**OO LATE THE SUB STREAKS FOR THE DEPTHS! THE GIANT SCREWS OF THE RED VESSEL THRASH THE WATER ABOVE HER AND....



THE PERISCOPE IS DEAD... SHEERED OFF! THEY DIDN'T DREAM WE WERE HERE... BUT NOW OUR 'EYE' IS GONE; HER SCREWS DID IT!

NO 'SCOPE... AND WE CAN'T RELEASE OUR TORPEDOES BLIND!

TIN CAN SWEEPING TO THE SOUTH AGAIN, SIR!



SWEEPING TO THE SOUTH! OF COURSE... WE'RE INSIDE THE DEFENSE SCREEN THE DESTROYER IS KEEPING FOR THE CONVOY! IF WE COULD ONLY SEE... IF WE COULD ONLY GET A BEARING ON THAT CONVOY! WITH THE DESTROYER BEHIND US THEY WOULD BE SITTING DUCKS...



SUDDENLY THE COMMANDER BARKS A DESPERATE ORDER!

MAYBE THERE IS ONE WAY! MR. JOHNSON, GET ME A MONSEN LIND, A BOAT COMPASS AND A SET OF BATTLE PHONES! I'M GOING TO BE THE EYES OF THE STARFISH UNTIL WE BLAST THOSE COMRADES OUT OF THE WATER!



Y-YES, SIR!

I'LL GO OUT THROUGH THE ESCAPE HATCH... ATTACH THE BATTLE PHONES TO THE JACK BOX IN THE CONNING TOWER AND DIRECT FIRING WHILE I CLING TO THE BROKEN SCOPE!



RIGHT, SIR! I'LL TAKE HER UP TO PERISCOPE DEPTH... GOOD LUCK, SIR!

SECONDS AFTERWARD THE DESPERATE COMMANDER SLIPS OUT OF THE ESCAPE HATCH!



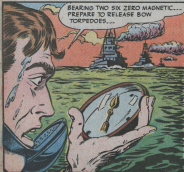
SO FAR SO GOOD... I CAN COMMUNICATE WITH JOHNSON THROUGH THE BATTLE PHONES... IF I DON'T DROWN... AND MY SIGHTING IS CORRECT IT CAN BE DONE...

ATOP THE SURFACE A MOMENT AFTERWARD...

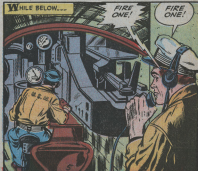
ENEMY SIGHTED... THREE CARBO SHIPS TO GET... I THINK I CAN MANAGE... WILL GIVE YOU BEARINGS...



BEARINGS TWO SIX ZERO MAGNETIC... PREPARE TO RELEASE BOW TORPEDOES...



WHILE BELOW...



FIRE ONE!

FIRE ONE!

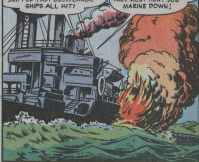
A CYLINDER OF SUDDEN DEATH CUTS THE WATER ABOVE...  
A RED RAIDER IS BLASTED INTO OBLIVION!

A HIT! FIRE TWO  
AND THREE!



YIPPIII! AMERICAN SUBMARINE  
SLIPPED PAST US...CARGO  
SHIPS ALL HIT!

CONTACT DESTROYERS...  
THEY MUST HUNT SUB-  
MARINE DOWN!



TIN CANS HEADING FOR US RAPIDLY...  
THEY'VE GOT OUR LOCATION  
FROM THE TORPEDO WAKES...I'M  
COMING DOWN...PREPARE TO  
CRASH DIVE!



DESPERATE MINUTES LATER THE COM-  
MANDER RE-ENTERS THE SUB! THEN IT  
DIVES TO THE BOTTOM!

THEY'RE RIGHT  
OVER US...  
PELTING US  
WITH DEPTH  
CHARGES!  
SHALL WE  
MAKE A RUN  
FOR IT, SIR?

KEEP COOL,  
MEN! WE WOULDN'T  
HAVE A CHANCE OUT-  
RUNNING THAT DESTROY-  
ER...SHE'S TOO FAST!  
STICK IT OUT...THEY  
CAN'T BE POSITIVE  
WE'RE HERE!



HANG ON! HANG ON! WE'VE SPRUNG A  
LEAK! BUT WE'RE STILL IN BUSINESS  
SO LONG AS THE STARFISH KEEPS HER  
PLATES TOGETHER! THOSE MONKEYS  
CAN'T HAMMER US FOREVER!



THE EXPLOSIONS CEASE! THIRTY...FORTY  
MINUTES PASS AND...

THEY'RE RUNNING  
EASTWARD...  
HITTING ABOUT  
TEN KNOTS!

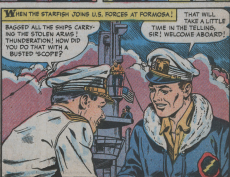
HEADING FOR HOME...  
WITHOUT THEIR RAIDER  
CONVOY! WE MADE IT,  
MEN! WE'LL WAIT AN  
OTHER HOUR AND HEAD  
FOR HOME OURSELVES!



WHEN THE STARFISH JOINS U.S. FORCES AT FORMOSA!

THAT WILL  
TAKE A LITTLE  
TIME IN THE TELLING,  
SIR! WELCOME ABOARD!

BAGGED ALL THE SHIPS CARRY-  
ING THE STOLEN ARMS!  
THUNDERATION! HOW DID  
YOU DO THAT WITH A  
BUSTED 'SCOPE?





# COMMIE FIREPOWER AMBUSH

THE FIENDISH RED HORDE HAD PULLED THEIR ACE TRICK OF TREACHERY! THEY STRUCK AS AN AMERICAN ARMY GROUP HELD BATTLE MANEUVERS WITH JAPANESE DEFENSE SOLDIERS! GARBED IN THE UNIFORMS OF U.S. TROOPS THEIR PLOT TO SHAME AMERICA MIGHT WELL SUCCEED IF THE VALIANT G.I.S COULD NOT PREVENT THEIR ESCAPE BY SEA!

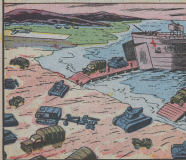
OUR BAZOOKA SHELLS...  
THEY'RE BOUNCING OFF THE  
FRONTAL ARMOR OF THE  
TANKS!

WE GOTTA STOP  
'EM! WE GOTTA!

WHA...THE  
COMMIES ARE  
LOBBING SHELLS  
IN FROM OUR  
REAR! THEY'VE  
GOT US  
SANDWICHED  
IN!



U.S. TROOPS AND EQUIPMENT POUR INTO A DESIGNATED AREA ON THE NORTHEASTERN COAST OF JAPAN PREPARATORY TO OPERATION SAFEGUARD!



THE FIELD HEADQUARTERS UNIT COMMANDERS ARE BRIEFED BY GENERAL KIRK MEADE!

AS GRAM AGGRESSORS OUR ASSIGNMENT IS TO TEST THE ABILITY OF THE JAPANESE DEFENSE ARMY TO REPEL AN INVASION FORCE, GENTLEMEN!

JUST  
WHEN IS ZERO  
HOUR, GENERAL?



0400 TOMORROW, CAPTAIN! COLONEL HONI WILL RECEIVE WORD OF OUR MOCK INVASION AT THAT HOUR! IT'S MY HUNCH HE'LL RUSH HIS TROOPS NORTH TO THE CENTRAL MOUNTAIN AREA!

THOSE MOUNTAINS MAKE AN IDEAL DEFENSE POSITION, SIR!

EXACTLY! THAT'S WHY I'VE DECIDED UPON AN AIR DROP IN THAT AREA! WE'LL HOLD OFF THE DEFENSE ARMY UNTIL "BLUE" AND "GREEN" ARRIVE! THAT IS ALL!

ON THE EVE OF ZERO HOUR AN UNWITTED FORCE LANDS ON THE WESTERN SHORE!

THE 6TH STALIN REGIMENT HAS LANDED, MARSHAL KARKOV! WHAT ARE YOUR ORDERS?

OUR SPIES INFORM US THAT THE JAPANESE DEFENSE ARMY'S OBJECTIVE WILL BE THE CENTRAL MOUNTAINS! WE WILL SPEED THERE IMMEDIATELY AND PREPARE AN AMBUSH!

BUT THE AMERICANS... WHEN DO THEY ARRIVE IN THE AREA?

AFTER WE HAVE INTERCEPTED AND ANNIHILATED THE DEFENSE ARMY!

I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE THE EXPRESSION ON COLONEL HONI'S FACE WHEN OUR TROOPS, DRESSED AS AMERICANS, SLAUGHTER HIS TROOPS! HA, HA, HA!

THESE MANEUVERS WILL LONG BE REMEMBERED BY THE JAPANESE PEOPLE, MARSHAL! TOMORROW... AMERICA LOSES AN ALLY!

AT ZERO HOUR GENERAL MEADE LAUNCHES THE MOCK ASSAULT ON THE ISLAND UNAWARE OF THE FANTASTIC RED SCHEME!

MOVE OUT... YOU'LL HAVE TO GO LIKE LIGHTNING! MY AIRBORNE FORCE CAN'T HOLD BACK HONI'S ARMY VERY LONG!

DON'T WORRY, SIR! WE'LL GET THERE IN TIME!

G-GENERAL, SIR...

AIR RECON HAS JUST REPORTED THE DEFENSE ARMY THIRTY MILES SOUTH OF THE CENTRAL MOUNTAINS!

WHAT? THEY'VE JUMPED THE GUN ON US! IF WE DON'T GET THERE ON THE DOUBLE HONI'S A CINCH TO TAKE THAT STRATEGIC POSITION!

MEANWHILE AS COLONEL JONES' DEFENSE ARMY BEARS DOWN ON THE VITAL MOUNTAIN RANGE...

AH...OUR OBJECTIVE IS WITHIN REACH! ONCE SECURED IN THOSE HILLS NO INVADER CAN DEFEAT US! OUR FRIENDS THE AMERICANS ARE IN FOR A SHOCK!

COLONEL...LOOK! ARTILLERY BATTERIES ARE OPENING UP ON US! THE AMERICANS HAVE TAKEN THE MOUNTAINS!



BUT THAT IS IMPOSSIBLE... THEY HAVE NOT HAD TIME TO REACH HERE! WHA... ARTILLERY SHELLS!

THERE HAS BEEN A MISTAKE... THEY ARE FIRING LIVE AMMUNITION AT US!



BUT THIS IS NO MISTAKE! THE MURDEROUS BARRAGE IS FOLLOWED BY DEATH-SPENDING TANKS MANNED BY ENEMY CREWS IN DISGUISE!

BLAMM!

BLAMM!

**BARRROOOOM!**

DESTROY EVERYTHING POSSIBLE! IT IS THE AMERICANS WHO WILL PAY FOR THIS SLAUGHTER!

AS YOU ORDER, MARSHAL KARKOV!



EXCELLENT! WE HAVE KILLED THEIR LEADER HON! THAT SHOULD BRING ANGER INTO THE HEARTS OF THE JAPANESE!

FOR TEN TERRIFYING MINUTES THE COMMUNIST SLAUGHTER GOES ON! THEN...

VERY SATISFACTORY... PERHAPS I WILL RECEIVE THE ORDER OF LENIN FOR THIS! NOW WE MUST QUICKLY WITHDRAW TO AVOID DETECTION!



LIKE A MONSTROUS SNAKE THE RED FORCE SLITHERS AWAY, LEAVING DESTRUCTION IN ITS WAKE!



SOON THE DROVE OF AMERICAN TRANSPORTS FILL THE AIR! GENERAL MEADE'S TROOPS HIT THE SEK FOR OPERATION SAFEGUARD!

THE DEFENSE TROOPS ARE ALREADY HERE! WHA... THEY'RE ON THE GROUND? SOMETHING'S WRONG!



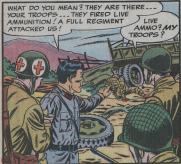
WHY... WHY, GENERAL MEADE, DID YOU DO IT? FOR WHAT PURPOSE DID YOU TURN OUR MOCK BATTLE INTO A SLAUGHTER?

THUNDERATION! YOU'RE WOUNDED... AND MY TROOPS HAVEN'T BEEN HERE! WHO DID THIS THING? HOW DID IT HAPPEN?



WHAT DO YOU MEAN? THEY ARE THERE... YOUR TROOPS... THEY FIRED LIVE AMMUNITION! A FULL REGIMENT ATTACKED US!

LIVE AMMO? MY TROOPS?



A HAMMER AND SICKLE EMBLEM! THIS IS A RED SOLDIER... IN AN AMERICAN UNIFORM! WHERE IS YOUR MAIN FORCE? IN WHAT DIRECTION DID THEY RETREAT?

T-THERE! THEY LEAVE SIX HOURS AGO!

G-GREAT SCOTT!



I-IT'S FANTASTIC, SIR!

FIENDISHLY FANTASTIC, SOLDIER! BY MAKING IT APPEAR AMERICANS HAVE SHOT DOWN THE JAPANESE DEFENSE ARMY, THE REDS SEEK TO STIR UP HATRED FOR THE UNITED STATES AND BREAK DOWN THE ENTIRE UNIFIED DEFENSE PLANS OF BOTH NATIONS!



GET THE RADIOMAN! HAVE OUR TRANSPORTS CONTACTED TO RETURN AND PICK US UP! THE ONLY WAY WE CAN PROVE THIS RED TRICK IS TO STOP THEM BEFORE THEY ESCAPE FROM JAPAN!

YES, SIR!



THE REDS ONLY RETREAT HAS TO BE BY SEA! CONTACT **SPEARHEAD BLUE**... HAVE THEM FORCE MARCH TO MEET US ON THE COAST! OUR AIRBORNE UNIT HAS GOT TO PULL A MIRACLE AND HOLD BACK THOSE REDS UNTIL **BLUE** CATCHES UP WITH US ON THE COAST!

YES, SIR!





ONE HOUR LATER GENERAL HEADS MEN JUMP ONCE AGAIN... BUT THIS TIME BEFORE THE ARMORED JAWS OF A THOUSAND RED TROOPS!

WE'VE CUT THEM OFF FROM THE SEA... BUT WE'VE GOT TO HOLD THEM! CAPTAIN, MAKE BUNKERS THE BEST YOU CAN FOR DEFENSE! IN AN HOUR THOSE REDS WILL BE UPON US!

YES, SIR!



FEVERISHLY THE SMALL BAND OF PARATROOPERS DIG IN! THEN SUDDEN DEATH MOVES RENTLESSLY IN UPON THEM!

THIS IS IT! HIT THOSE TANK TREADS WITH GRENADES AND BAZOOKAS WHEN THEY REACH THE BUNKERS! AT ANY COST WE'VE GOT TO KNOCK THOSE OUT OR WE'RE SUNK!

THE MEN ARE READY, GENERAL! LET'S HOPE GRENADES AND BAZOOKA SHELLS CAN SMASH THEIR TREADS BEFORE THEY OVERRUN US!



THE ASSAULT STRIKES!

W-WE'RE FIGHTING A WHOLE ARMY! H-HOW WE GONNA HOLD 'EM OFF?



WE'VE GOT THAT BABY WOUNDED, MEN... SEIZE HER! WE CAN USE HER FIRE POWER!

RIGHT, CAPTAIN!



GOT TO GET INSIDE... TURN THAT TANK GUN AGAINST THE OTHERS!



AS TWO RED TANKS BREAK CLEAR OF THE TRAPS...

T-THEY'VE BROKEN THROUGH... WE CAN'T STOP THEM!

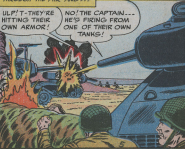
THEY'LL TEAR OUR DEFENSE TO SHREDS... SCATTER! SCATTER!



SUDDENLY THE CANNON ON THE SEIZED RED TANK BELCHES HOT STEEL... TWO SHELLS SCREAM THROUGH THE AIR AND...

ULP! T-THEY'RE HITTING THEIR OWN ARMOR!

NO! THE CAPTAIN... HE'S FIRING FROM ONE OF THEIR OWN TANKS!



DESPERATELY, THE G.I.'S UTILIZE THEIR CAPTURED WEAPON TO FIGHT BACK AGAINST THE TERRIFIC ODDS!

WE'RE HOLDING THEM... BUT THE MEN CAN'T FIGHT LIKE THAT FOREVER! THEY'VE GOT TO SLOW DOWN SOON... AND THEN THE REDS' FIREPOWER AND SUPERIOR NUMBERS WILL TAKE THEIR TOLL!



BUT HOUR AFTER HOUR THE BELEAGUERED G.I.'S DO HOLD ON! FINALLY...

YES, CAPTAIN...

SIR, THEY'VE PULLED BACK! THANK HEAVENS THEY DON'T REALIZE HOW NEARLY KNOCKED OUT WE WERE OR THEY NEVER WOULD HAVE QUIT!

WE'RE GETTING PRECIOUS TIME WHICH WE NEED DESPERATELY! **SPEARHEAD BLUE** WILL BE HERE IN A COUPLE OF MORE HOURS! IF ONLY THE REDS DELAY... HOLD BACK THEIR ATTACK FOR A FEW HOURS!



BUT AT THIS MOMENT MARSHAL KARENOV SPEAKS TO HIS OFFICERS...

THEY FIGHT LIKE TIGERS! THERE IS NO NEED TO WASTE FOOLISH MEN AND MATERIAL! THE FOOL AMERICANS HAVE PLACED THEMSELVES IN A PERFECT TRAP!



AND SOON AFTERWARD BEHIND THE G.I. LINES...

DIG THE FOXHOLES DEEPER, CAPTAIN... WE'VE GOT TO HOLD OUT UNTIL **SPEARHEAD BLUE** ARRIVES! WE CAN'T LET THE REDS REACH THE COMMIE EVACUATION SHIP ON THE COAST!

G-GENERAL, SIR?



WE'RE BEING SHELLED FROM BEHIND!

**GREAT CATS!**

H-HOW CAN THAT BE? THAT'S THE OCEAN BEHIND US!



BUT AS GENERAL MEADE RAISES HIS FIELD GLASSES A VESSEL COMES INTO VIEW ON THE HORIZON!

A SHIP... BLASTING US FROM THE COAST!

THE COMMIE EVACUATION VESSEL! WE'RE CAUGHT BETWEEN TWO FIRES! THE CLEVER MONKEYS HAVE ZEROED US IN BETWEEN THEIR FIRE POWER!



WE CAN'T STAY HERE... WE'LL BE BLASTED INTO OBLIVION IN MINUTES! THERE'S ONE ACTION TO TAKE!... **ATTACK!** GET IN UNDER THEIR GUNS AND FIGHT TO THE LAST BREATH!

YES, SIR! IF WE'VE GOT TO GO DOWN WE'LL TAKE A FEW RED SKUNKS WITH US!



GRIMLY THE G.I.s MOVE FORWARD... INTO THE  
IRON JAWS OF THE RED ARMOR!

THIS IS IT... A MIRACLE COULDN'T  
GET US PAST THAT RED FORCE...  
BUT THEY'LL KNOW WE'VE BEEN  
THERE!



FROM BEHIND EARTH, ROCK AND RIDGE THE VALIANT  
G.I.s BATTER THEIR WAY FORWARD AGAINST...HOPELESS  
ODDS!

SIR, WE'RE  
OUT OF AMMO! ONLY  
A FEW MORE  
BAZOOKA SHELLS  
LEFT!

WELL, THEY'RE MOVING IN TO  
POUSH US OFF! TOSS THOSE  
SHELLS AT THEM AND DEVIL  
TAKE THE HINDMOST!



SUDDENLY A CLOUD OF DUST  
WHIRLS ON THE HORIZON!

TANK COMING IN AT US THROUGH  
THE DUST! SOLDIER, PASTE IT  
WITH THOSE LAST BAZOOKA  
SHELLS!

RIGHT,  
CAPTAIN!



WAIT, GREAT GLORY!  
IT'S SPEARHEAD BLUE...  
THE LEAD TANK!

YAHOOO!



GENERAL... THE MAIN BLUE  
FORCE HAS MOVED IN BEHIND  
THE ENEMY! WITH YOU ON THIS  
SIDE WE'VE GOT THEM IN A  
PINCERS... DO YOU  
WANT THE TANK TO  
LEAD AN ATTACK?

YOU  
SET I DO,  
SOLDIER!  
WE'VE GOT A  
SCORE TO SETTLE  
WITH THAT GANG!



SOON MARSHAL KARKOV REELS IN PANIC AS  
HIS TROOPS ARE SQUEEZED BY AMERICAN  
MIGHT!

SURRENDER! SURRENDER! WE ARE  
BEING CUT TO RIBBONS!



And, AFTERWARDS...

WE SURRENDER  
TO THE AMERICAN  
FORCES AND  
DEMAND...

YOU'LL DEMAND NOTHING,  
MARSHAL KARKOV! SAVE  
YOUR BREATH! YOU'LL NEED IT  
IN TOKYO WHILE CONFESSING  
YOUR TREACHEROUS PLOT TO  
TURN THE JAPANESE FORCES  
AGAINST US!



# LOOK HERE!

# for BIG MONEY MAKING OPPORTUNITIES for MONEY-SAVING OFFERS AND SERVICES

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**YET, This Beautiful Girl  
Once Had Her Worries,  
Her Sleepless Nights**

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Just for yourself in just one minute in 7 days or less this is the most accurate, most reliable test of your body's ability to absorb nutrients. That is why tests in Laro and Bantam.

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101 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

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**14 K. GOLD PLATED**  
The Lord's Prayer Pin is a beautiful, gold-plated pin that is a true work of art. It is a beautiful, gold-plated pin that is a true work of art. It is a beautiful, gold-plated pin that is a true work of art.

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**It's All Luck Changing!**  
If you want to change your luck, you need to change your luck. If you want to change your luck, you need to change your luck. If you want to change your luck, you need to change your luck.

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1st STAMP ISSUE**  
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If you want to be thin, you need to be thin. If you want to be thin, you need to be thin. If you want to be thin, you need to be thin.

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# ESCAPE *at* DAWN

"**H**IT the silk, Linc," shouted the pilot, and Linc Johnson jumped. He made the interminable drop before pulling the cord, and the camouflaged chute sprang open with a sharp crack as the wind gusted into it. Linc looked up to see the plane making a run for the border, a few scant miles back. He heard the ack ack guns go off and hoped that the game pilot had made it to safety.

A cold chill ran over him as he glided down through the night, aiming for the red earth of the satellite nation below. The events of the past weeks went through his mind in fast sequence. Linc Johnson was a newspaperman and so was Martin Rhodes. And they were pals. At least they had been, until Martie was slapped into prison as an espionage agent, in this Commie country. The same, stupid charges were hurled at him that had been tossed at other thinking men in a country of mental stagnation. However, Martie had made friends in the satellite underground before he was imprisoned and somehow, somehow, they had contrived to get him out. Now it was Linc's job, with the help of the underground, to get the emaciated Martie back over the border to safety. He was too weak to travel alone. The country was in an uproar since Martie's escape, and citizens suspected of underground activities were being picked up by the hundreds. Then Linc made contact and volunteered to get in, get Martie, and get out of the country in record time. If he was successful, a few lives other than Martie's could be saved, if not—

Linc made a smooth landing and hurriedly buried the chute before he located the road and got off at a fast clip into the nearby town. There, in the chapel of the darkened church, he was met by the gaarled, little man who silently led him down into the rooms below.

Linc was shocked at his first sight of Martie. He was lying on a cot in a fitful sleep. "He's aged twenty years," gasped Linc, as he stared at him. "He's been through the tortures of the damned," replied the old man. "But here is Natia, she will give you the plan. I must get back above." The door had opened to admit a darkly clad woman, her head hidden in a shawl. Linc's eyes popped when she tossed the shawl aside. She was a gorgeous blonde and she looked furious. "Mr. Johnson," she snapped, "Your plane was heard and already the secret police are scouring the area. We've got to move even faster than we had planned." "Listen, baby," exploded Linc, "all planes have motors. Did you think I was winging in on the back of a vulture?" Her eyes snapped as she replied, "Your pilot should have glided in to drop you and then started his motors about two miles beyond the town. Then it would have taken them time to discover that someone had been dropped here." She went over to Martie and shook him gently. "Martin," she said tenderly, "you must waken. Your friend is here and the time is short." Martie opened his eyes and looked up at the lovely Natia before he spotted Linc. "Hi, Linc," he said weakly, "you sure stick your neck out for a pal." "You'll have time to talk of friendship, if you live to reach the border," cut in Natia, grimly. "Now, here is the plan."

She outlined a daring dash to the border by car. A mile from the small border crossing the two men, disguised as farmers, would be transferred

to a wagon full of hay and drawn by one horse. "You must get over the border without speaking, since neither of you know enough of the language to fool the guards. They are shrewd and are always on the watch for trouble. Not one of them has ever joined the underground. She handed each of them a small, worn booklet, bearing several official stamps. "These will provide your identification. The state stamps are up to date as of today. Pray that they will pave the way to your safe deliverance."

Thirty minutes later, Martie and Linc were in the small car, bumping along in the dark. The little, old man was driving and he didn't say a word until they reached a small farmhouse, set back off the road. There, the two men quickly changed into farmer's clothes and were about to leave when a loud banging sounded on the door. The old man took the message and hurried back to the men. "Your parachute has been discovered," he said to Linc. "They are preparing an order for a new stamp on all identification papers, it will come over the radio soon." "Where does that leave us?" asked Linc. The old man shook his head sadly. "You must reach the border before the radio orders go out. We could never get this latest stamp. It is too late to hope for more."

Linc handled the reins on the wagon and Martie, hunched down beside him, seemed to be swallowed up by his clothes. "Hold on a while longer, Martie, we'll make it yet," Linc said, with a heartiness he didn't feel. Martie didn't answer. The sun was rising as they rounded the bend, the sentry house at the border came into sight and the two stiffly marching guards tramped back and forth in front of the pole gate that lay between the newsmen and freedom. Linc could feel the blood pounding in his temples. Had the radio warned the guards that new stamps must be on all identification? "If so, can Martie make it over the border, if I have to put up a fight?" mused Linc. He looked at Martie, he was asleep. No, he was unconscious. Passed out! Linc's mouth went dry.

The old horse clumped to a stop. One guard was in the sentry house, evidently eating breakfast. The second guard approached Linc, grimly. Just then the sound of the radio spouting early morning static, came out of the shack. The guard leaned out and pointed back to the radio, he shouted to his comrade. Linc heard the announcement. It told of the foreign criminal who had entered the country secretly. The snarling voice continued, "It is believed that this man is aiding in the escape of the infamous espionage agent, Martin Rhodes," continued the voice. The guard's hand went out, his eyes first on Linc's face, then on Martie's. He asked, "Asleep?" Linc nodded a numb affirmative. He came alive to wrest the papers from Martie's pocket and along with his own, handed them to the guard. Behind him, the radio repeated its warning. The guard looked at the booklets carefully, turning them over several times. Then he raised his eyes searchingly to Linc's. Linc couldn't breathe. He watched, in a trance, as the guard slowly walked over and raised the bar across the road. He motioned them forward. Linc flicked the reins, the wagon lumbered ahead. He turned when they reached the sign that meant freedom. The guard raised his hand in salute.

G.I. COMBAT

# Red Guerrilla Trap

WE'VE GOT TO BACK OUR WAY THROUGH THIS RED GANG, MEN! THOUSANDS OF LIVES ARE AT STAKE IF WE FAIL!



SHOT OUT OF THE SKY, THE DESPERATE G.I.'S BATTLED THEIR WAY UP THE BURMESE HILLSIDE THROUGH THE RED HORDES! THEY MUST GET THE PRECIOUS CARGO THEY CARRIED TO THE HELPLESS CITIZENS OF BHAMO AT ALL COSTS! BUT THE COMMIES WERE DETERMINED THEIR RING OF STEEL WOULD HOLD AND NO HELP WOULD REACH THE VILLAGERS BEYOND THE MOUNTAIN!

BURMA... GUERRILLA HORDES SWEEP DOWN FROM THE NORTHERN HILLS TO TORCH THE HARVEST OF THE STRUGGLING POPULATION!

BURN THE CROPS... DESTROY THE TOWNS! THOSE ARE OUR ORDERS!



LIKE A GREAT OCTOPUS THE COMMUNIST GUERRILLAS SLITHER FROM VILLAGE TO VILLAGE RAINING HAVOC ON ONE AND ALL!

PLEASE DO NOT DESTROY OUR GRAIN! WE WILL STARVE!

GOOD! PERHAPS WHEN YOU ARE HUNGRY ENOUGH YOU WILL JOIN THE COMMUNIST CRUSADE, NATIVE! NOW BE SILENT!



THE MINDS OF HUNGRY PEOPLE CAN BE SWAYED... AND THE REDS USE STARVATION AS A WEAPON! THIS IS THEIR FIENDISH PHILOSOPHY FOR CONQUEST!

FOOD...MY CHILDREN ARE STARVING!

HELP US... PLEASE!

SUFFER, DOGS! REMEMBER WELL THIS HUNGER...AND NEXT TIME CAST A VOTE FOR COMMUNISM! FREEDOM BRINGS YOU NOTHING—BUT MISERY!

BURMESE TROOPS ARE RUSHED TO THE NORTH TO DRIVE THE RED MARAUDERS BACK INTO THEIR HOLES... BUT THE DAMAGE HAS BEEN DONE!

THIS WILL TEACH THE COMMUNIST SCUM A LESSON!

WHAT IS THE USE? THE STORES OF FOOD HAVE BEEN DESTROYED! THOUSANDS OF OUR PEOPLE WILL DIE!



THE FREE NATIONS OF THE WORLD ARE QUICK TO ACT! HUMANITARIAN PLANS ARE MADE FOR THE RELIEF OF THE STARVING POPULATION AT U.S. HEAD-QUARTERS IN JAPAN!

GENTLEMEN, IF THE BURMESE DON'T GET FOOD...AND FAST...THERE'S NO TELLING HOW MANY WILL PERISH! MY ORDERS ARE TO START AN AIRLIFT TO THE STRICKEN AREA!

THAT'S SLAPPING THE COMMIES IN THE TEETH, GENERAL!



THE FIRST FLIGHT OF SIX FLYING BOX CARS WILL CARRY THEIR FOOD CARGOES TO THE CRITICAL AREAS...THEN RETURN FOR ANOTHER LOAD! TAKE OFF TIME IS 0600 TOMORROW!



LIE DOWN THE NEXT MORNING FOOD-LADEN FLYING BOX CARS TAKE OFF FROM THE TOKYO AIRPORT!

WHAT'S OUR DESTINATION, SKIPPER?



OUR ORDERS ARE TO SEPARATE FROM THE REST OF THE FLIGHT OVER THE BURMA BORDER AND DROP THE ARMY FOOD DISTRIBUTION TEAM OFF AT BIAMO ON THE RAWADDY RIVER!

OH, YEAH! THAT'S THE TOWN WHERE THE REDS HIT WITH EVERYTHING! I SURE BET THOSE POOR PEOPLE WILL BE GLAD TO SINK THEIR TEETH INTO SOME OF THIS CHOW WE'RE HAULING!



OVER THE BURMA BORDER FLIGHT ORDERS ARE GIVEN BY THE FLIGHT COMMANDER!

RIGHT, BOYS! THE BURMA BORDER IS DEAD BELOW US! SCATTER AND PROCEED TO YOUR APPOINTED DESTINATIONS! THAT IS ALL!

ALL ROGER! WE'RE ON OUR OWN! SEE YOU CHARACTERS BACK IN TOKYO!



ALL THE LONG BOX CAR DESTINED FOR  
BHAMO THUNDERS THROUGH A CLOUD BANK...

WOW! THAT ALMOST  
BLINDED ME!  
WHAT IS IT?

A REFLECTION FROM A  
PLANE! COULD BE THE  
BURMESE HAVE SENT US  
AN ESCORT!



ESCORT, MY EYE...THOSE BABIES  
ARE MIGGS! CHANCES ARE THEY'RE  
HERE TO JUMP US! WE'LL HAVE  
TO MAKE A...



...RUN FOR IT! WHAT  
THE...THEY'RE HITTING  
US FROM ALL SIDES!

YEAH...AND  
SCORING!



LIKE A CRIPPLED BIRD THE FLYING BOX CAR  
DROPS FROM THE SKY OUT OF CONTROL!

HEY, YOU ARMY  
CHARACTERS...  
HANG ON FOR  
YOUR LIVES!  
WE'RE DITCHING!

AND I THOUGHT THE AIR  
CORPS HAD IT EASY!



TOUCHDOWN!



ALL THE G.I.S STUMBLE FROM THE  
WRECK...

WELL, DON'T ASK  
NOW  
WHAT? FROM  
THE MINUTE  
WE TOUCHED  
THE GROUND  
CAPTAIN JARVIS  
WAS IN COMMAND!  
WELL, HOW ABOUT  
IT, CAPTAIN?

I FIGURE WE'RE  
ROUGHLY TWENTY  
MILES FROM  
BHAMO ON THE  
IRRAWADDY  
RIVER! WE'VE  
GOT TO MAKE  
TRACKS OUT  
OF HERE!  
THE COMMS  
WILL BE SWARM-  
ING AROUND  
SOON!

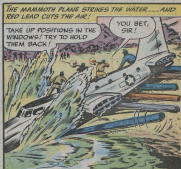
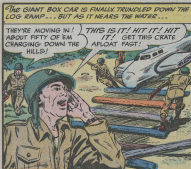
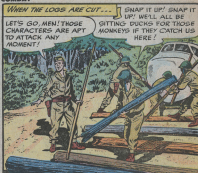


THAT'S RIGHT...  
THESE HILLS ARE  
FULL OF  
GUERRILLAS!  
GOSH, TOO  
BAD WE HAVE  
TO LEAVE ALL  
THIS FOOD  
BEHIND!

MMH...PERHAPS  
WE DON'T HAVE  
TO, CORPORAL!  
THE FUSELAGE OF  
THAT FLYING  
BOX CAR GIVES  
ME AN IDEA!







G.I. COMBAT

THE FUSELAGE IS PRETTY SHOT UP AND LEAKING, CAPTAIN... BUT THE MEN ARE PLUGGING THE HOLES! OKAY! HOW LONG DO YOU FIGURE IT'LL TAKE TO FLOAT INTO BHIAMO?

24 HOURS... IF WE WERE LEFT ALONE! BUT WE WON'T BE! THOSE REDS WILL BE ON OUR BACKS EVERY STEP OF THE WAY! TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!



FIVE MILES FROM BHIAMO THE RIVER BENDS WEST, TOWARD THE REDS! THEY CAN CUT ACROSS AND REACH THAT BEND IN ABOUT SIX HOURS... THE SAME TIME IT WILL TAKE US TO GET THERE! WE'RE IN FOR SOME FIREWORKS, SERGEANT!

WE'LL BLAST OUR WAY THROUGH SOMEHOW, CAPTAIN! WE GOTTA GET THIS CHOW TO THOSE STARVING PEOPLE!

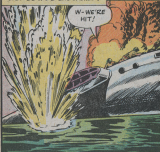


THREE, FOUR, FIVE HOURS PARS! FINALLY, THE DESPERATE G.I.s SEE THE RIVER'S BEND AND...

RED TANK! WE'RE BEING SHELLED!



THIS TIME THE FOOD-FILLED PLANE DOES NOT ESCAPE UNSCATRED!



W-WE'RE HIT!

SHE'S LEAKING BAD, SIR! SHALL WE BEACH HER ON THE RIGHT BANK?

NO! THE LEFT BANK! WE'RE NOT ABANDONING THIS CARGO WHILE THERE'S A CHANCE OF GETTING IT THROUGH! POLE FOR THE LEFT BANK! I'VE GOT AN IDEA IN MIND!



SERGEANT, STAY HERE AND MAN THE GUNS... HOLD THEM OFF AS BEST YOU CAN! RYAN, CARTER, BLAKE... COME WITH ME! WE CAN'T DUCK THE ENEMY SO WE'RE GOING TO SMACK 'EM! BRING GRENADES!

Y-YES, SIR!

H-HUH? O-O-KAY, CAPTAIN!



MINUTES AFTERWARDS, THE FOUR MEN SHAKE FORWARD ON THEIR STOMACHS... TOWARD THE RED TANK!

WE'VE GOT JUST ONE CRACK AT THIS! REMEMBER TO DELAY YOUR GRENADES UNTIL THE RIGHT MOMENT! WE DON'T WANT TO DESTROY THAT TANK... JUST KNOCK HER OCCUPANTS OUT!

GOT IT, CAPTAIN!



THE TANK MOVES CLOSER...THE GRENADES SAULT THROUGH THE AIR AND...

BULLSEYE, MEN! LET'S GO! THAT TANK'S OUR TICKET TO BHAMO!



SHORTLY, STUNNED G.I.S REAR UP FOR ACTION ON THE RIVER BANK!

IT'S ME, SERGEANT! IT'S ME, CAPTAIN JARVIS! GET HOLD OF ROPES...TIE SOME LINES ON THIS TIN CAN! WE'RE GOING TO TRY AND TOW THAT FOOD INTO BHAMO!

W-WELL, I'LL BE HANGED! Y-YES, SIR, CAPTAIN!



THIRTY MINUTES LATER A DYNAMO OF U.S. FIRY FIRES INTO THE RED ATTACKERS!

BHAMO'S OVER THE HILL, SERGEANT! IF WE CAN BUST THROUGH WE'RE IN...BURMESE TROOPS ARE GUARDING THE VILLAGE! THEY CAN'T FOLLOW US THERE!

WE'LL MAKE IT, CAPTAIN! WE GOTTA MAKE IT!



A NEST OF REDS WAITING FOR US... LET'S GO, MEN!

YAHOO! I HEAR YA TALKING, SARGE!



WE NEED MORE SUPPORT, CAPTAIN! C-CAN'T HOLD THEM BACK FROM THAT FOOD MUCH LONGER... THEY'RE OUT TO BLOW IT UP!

HANG ON! HANG ON, SERGEANT! WE'RE DUMPING THE WORLD'S BIGGEST FOOD PARCEL INTO BHAMO!



SOON AFTERWARD STARVING CITIZENS OF BHAMO SEE A STARTLING AND WELCOME SIGHT AS...

FOOD! AMERICAN FOOD PARCELS!



And LATER WHEN THE TIRED G.I.S REACH THE VILLAGE!

GOSH, CAPTAIN, BEATING BACK THOSE REDS WAS SURE WORTH THE TROUBLE WHEN YOU SEE THIS!

YES, SERGEANT! THE PEOPLE WILL BE WELL FED AND SAFE NOW! THOSE COMMIE PUNKS CAN'T TACKLE THE BURMESE GUARD IN TOWN! MISSION COMPLETED!



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